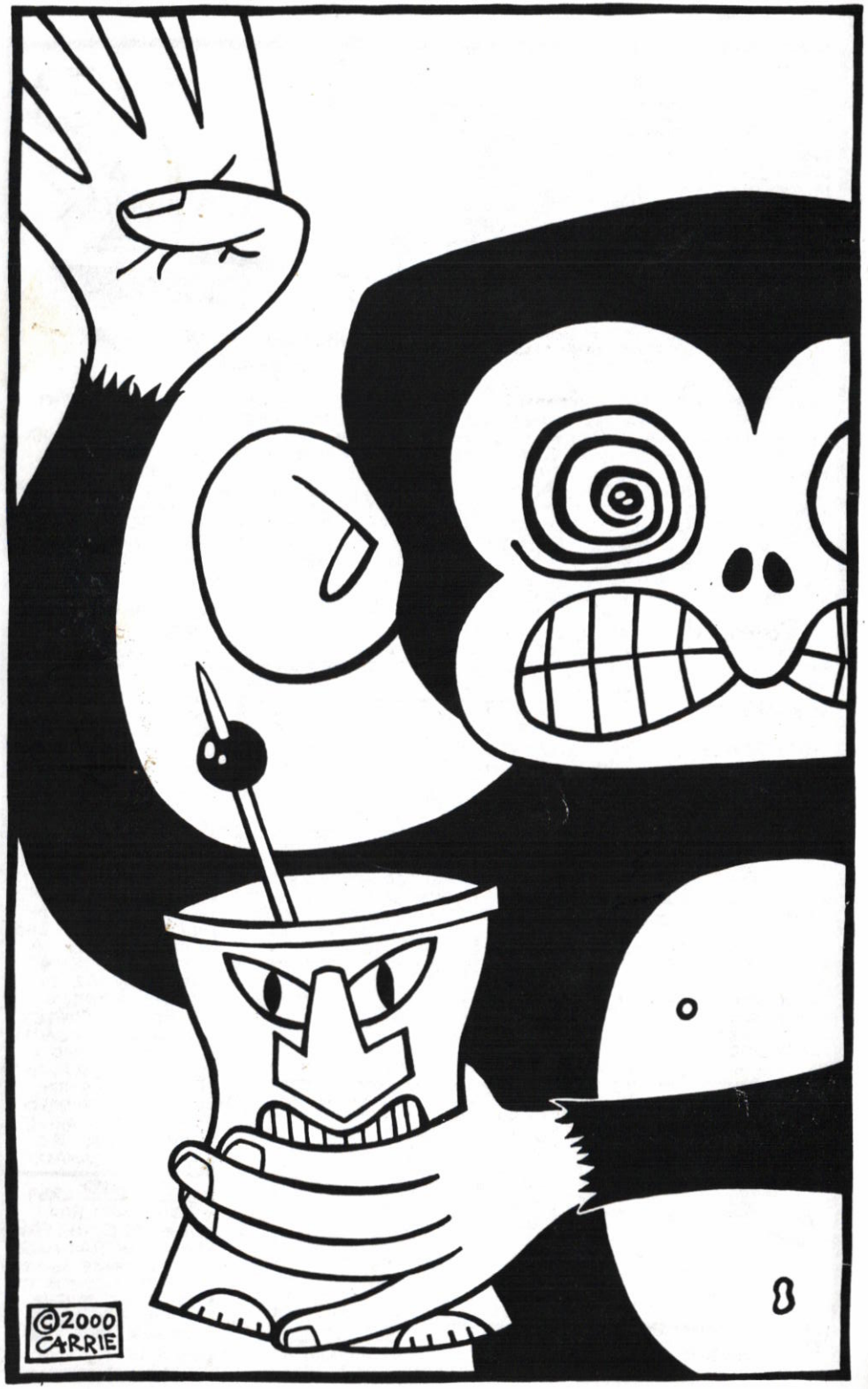
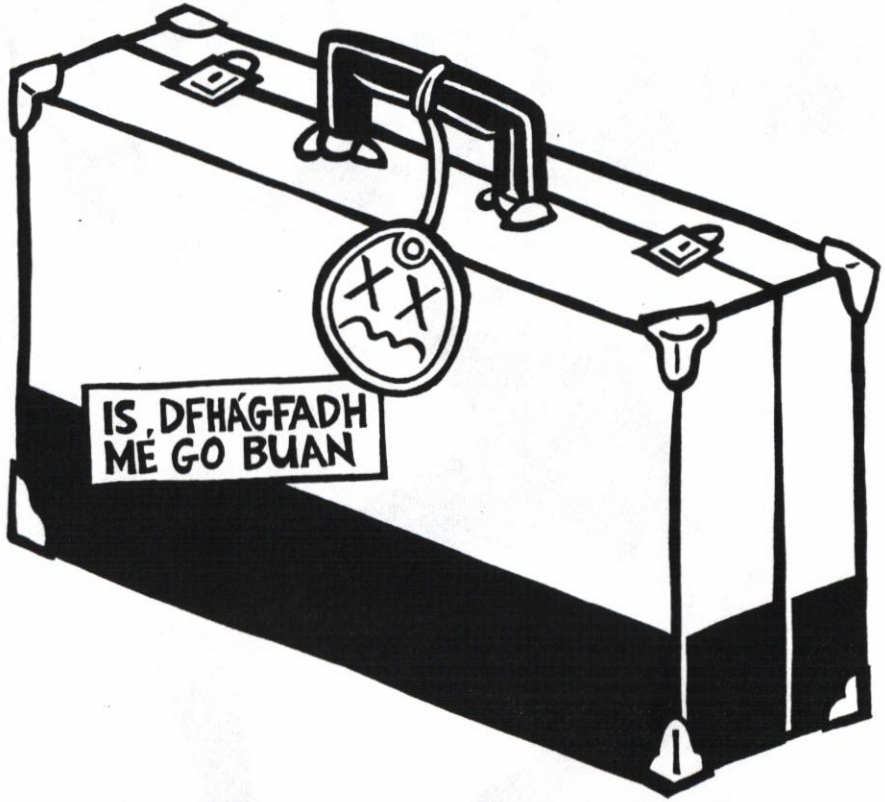


The Assassin and the Whiner

issue number twelve-one dollar



the ASSASSIN and the WHINER #12

CARRIE McNINCH, PO BOX 481051, LOS ANGELES, CA 90048 $one dollar PPD

asswhine@hotmail.com

MY APOLOGIES TO ANYONE WHO SENT ME MAIL AT MY OLD PO BOX IN MARYLAND SINCE OCTOBER. I HAD PUT IN A FORWARDING ORDER AT THAT TIME AND JUST ASSUMED NO MAIL WAS GOING TO THAT ADDRESS. IN FEBRUARY I RECEIVED THREE E-MAILS FROM PEOPLE ASKING WHY I NEVER WROTE BACK. THEN A CERTAIN FOLDER MYSTERIOUSLY DELETED ITSELF IN MY ASSWHINE E-MAIL. I REALIZED SOMETHING WAS UP. I CALLED THE HAVRE DE GRACE POST OFFICE AND THE LADY I SPOKE WITH CONFIRMED THAT I HAD BEEN RECEIVING MAIL THERE FOR ALL THAT TIME. APPARENTLY THE FORWARDING ORDER WAS LOST. A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER SOMEONE MAILED ME AN ENVELOPE THAT THEY HAD ORIGINALLY SENT TO ME IN HAVRE DE GRACE. IT WAS MARKED "RETURN TO SENDER" WITH FAMILIAR HANDWRITTING. OKAY. I KNOW SOME OF MY MAIL WAS SENT BACK BUT I ALSO KNOW OTHER MAIL WASN'T. LAST WEEK I RECEIVED AN OFFICIALLY FORWARDED LETTER TO ME BY THE POST OFFICE IN MARYLAND. IT WAS FROM MY STORAGE FACILITY. THEY HAD SENT ME A RENT INCREASE NOTICE IN JANUARY WHICH I NEVER RECEIVED BECAUSE IT HAD BEEN SENT TO THE HAVRE DE GRACE ADDRESS. I TALKED TO THEM AND TOLD THEM WHY I NEVER RECEIVED IT, THAT THEY HAD MAILED IT TO MY OLD ADDRESS. I ASKED IF IT HAD BEEN RETURNED TO THEM. HE SAID IT WOULD BE IN MY FILE IF IT WAS. HE CHECKED AND THERE WAS NO RETURNED MAIL. NOW I OWE LATE FINES BECAUSE OF THIS. ONCE AGAIN, I APOLOGIZE TO ALL WHO WROTE ME AT THE HAVRE DE GRACE PO BOX BETWEEN OCT-MARCH AND HAD SPENT MONEY ON POSTAGE AND SENT ME MONEY FOR COPIES OF ASSWHINE ONLY TO HAVE THE MAIL RETURNED OR NEVER SEEN AGAIN. I HAD NO IDEA THAT THIS WAS HAPPENING. IF ANYONE SENT ME MAIL THERE DURING THIS TIME PERIOD AND NEVER HAD YOUR MAIL RETURNED PLEASE LET ME KNOW.

APT 1F

NEW ADD

RETURN TO SENDER

MT AT THIS ADDRESS

Carrie McNinch

SOME ZINES I TOTALLY DIG SO WRITE 'EM FOR A COPY!

P?BH! #7 REX TRAVELS AND HE WRITES THE GREATEST STORIES ABOUT THE PLACES HE VISITS. $1 + 2 STAMPS TO REX, 311 N. 6th AVE, PENSACOLA, FL 32501

FISH WITH LEGS THIS DOESN'T COME IN THE PRETTIEST PACKAGE BUT ERIC'S WRITING RULES! $1 + STAMP TO ERIC LYDEN, 224 MORAINE ST, BROCKTON, MA 02301-3664

MY VIEWS CHANGE OVER TIME PERSONAL WRITING WORTH YOUR TIME TO READ. $1 TO ROB, PO BOX 2671, GAINESVILLE, FL 32602-2671

MR. PEEBODY'S SOILED TROUSERS AND OTHER DELIGHTS JUST BUY IT! YOU WILL BE ENTERTAINED. $1 TO JAY KOIVU, PO BOX 22, WEST TOWNSEND, MA 01474

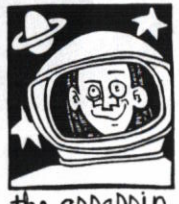
REJECTED BAND NAMES OUTSTANDING ZINE! PLUS I HELPED INSPIRE HER TO WRITE SOMETHING IN IT! $1 TO JERIANNE, PO BOX 13838, BERKELEY, CA 94712-4838

ALL OF THE FOLLOWING ZINES HAVE STUFF I'VE DONE THAT YOU WON'T SEE IN ASSWHINE: "CAT BUTT #3" $2 TO SHOSHANNAH FLACH, PO BOX 470263, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94147 • "MODERN INDUSTRY" $2 TO SHAWN GRANTON, 170 BEAVER STREET, ANSONIA, CT 06401 • "I'M JOHNNY AND I DON'T GIVE A FUCK" #4 $3 TO ANDY, PO BOX 21533-1850 COMMERCIAL DRIVE, VANCOUVER B.C., V5N 4A0 CANADA

pocket GREAT COMIC DOCUMENTING HER LIFE. $1 TO MISSY KULIK, 24 LONGVUE CR, AMBRIDGE, PA 15003

THE WORLD IS BROKEN BRI WRITES AND TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT HER ADVENTURESOME LIFE. $1+2 STAMPS TO BRI, 539 WASHINGTON ST NE, WARREN, OH 44483

INVISIBLE ROBOT FISH COMICS AND ODD STORIES BY A GREAT ARTIST. 2 STAMPS TO BILLY McKAY, PO BOX 542, N. OLMSTED, OH 44070



the assassin and the whiner

NEW STICKERS! SEND ME A BUCK AND I'LL MAIL YOU A COUPLE OF EACH DESIGN.

asswhine

SONGS THAT HAD EXTRA MEANING TO ME WHILE WORKING ON THIS ISSUE: MASSIVE ATTACK "DISSOLVED GIRL" CURVE "FORGOTTEN SANITY" REMY ZERO "PROPHECY" MR SCRUFF "HONEYDEW" SHERYL CROW "ANYTHING BUT DOWN" LOOKING GLASS "BRANDY" MOBY "WHY DOES MY HEART FEEL SO BAD" THE VERVE "THE DRUGS DON'T WORK" LAURYN HILL "EX-FACTOR" BUSH "MOUTH" FLEETWOOD MAC "LANDSLIDE" & "SILVER SPRINGS" PORTISHEAD "ROADS"

CRUSH AS OF LATELY: DREA DE MATTEO

ART BID LAST ISSUES ART BID WINNER IS THE FAB SKULD OF RAG HAG FAME. ONCE AGAIN, THE BACK COVER TO THIS ISSUE IS FOR SELL TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER. BIDS END ON AUG 31, 2000.

AS I TOOK MY DAILY WALK TODAY A GNAT FLEW INTO MY OPEN MOUTH (APPARENTLLY I WALK WITH MY MOUTH OPEN) AND SMACKED RIGHT INTO THE BACK OF MY THROAT. OH YUCK. I COULD FEEL IT LODGED THERE. I DIDN'T WANT TO SWALLOW IT BUT IT SEEMED TO BE THE BEST CHOICE. I GULP AND GULP BUT DAMN IT! THAT LITTLE BUGGER ISN'T GOING DOWN. OKAY. I'LL SPIT IT OUT. I SWISH AND SWIRL AND TRY TO WORK UP ALL THE SALIVA I CAN. I PREPARE TO SET THAT GNAT SAILING ON A SEA OF MOISTURE FROM MY MOUTH. I SPIT MIGHTILY AND ALL THAT COMES OUT DOESN'T EVEN AMOUNT TO THREE LITTLE DROPLETS OF SPITTLE. I TRY AGAIN, THIS TIME WITH THE DISGUSTING SPITTING NOISE AND... NOTHING. I CAN'T SPIT! NO WAY! I GUESS THIS PROVES I HAVE A GIRLY SIDE TO ME AFTERALL. YOU WOULD THINK GROWING UP WITH TWO BROTHERS THAT I WOULD, AT THE VERY LEAST, KNOW SOMETHING OF THE SPITTING BASICS. AND NOW THAT I'VE TOLD YOU THIS LITTLE STORY IT'S ON TO THE...

LETTER SECTION

HEY CARRIE! I HOPE THINGS ARE OKAY BUT NOT THAT OKAY OR ELSE YOU MIGHT NOT MAKE ONE OF THEM GREAT COMICS ABOUT THE BITTER SWEETNESS OF LIFE THAT YOU DO SO WELL.

•MARK

Geez... thanks for jinxing me!

JUST FINISHED READING #11. NO THANKS FOR THE DEPRESSED MOOD IT PUT ME IN, BUT YOU KNOW I MEAN THAT IN A GOOD WAY. THIS ISSUE WAS ONE OF YOUR BEST. IT'S A BIT OF A SHAME THAT BAD TIMES MAKE FOR GOOD ZINE READING. THAT'S FUCKED UP. UM, I'D SAY SORRY FOR ALL THE BAD SHIT, BUT WHAT'S THE POINT? I JUST HOPE YOU'RE RECOVERING SOME SENSE OF HAPPINESS BACK IN LA. NO GOING BACK TO THE BOTTLE, YA HEAR?!?! SERIOUSLY, I DO HOPE THINGS ARE BETTER FOR YOU NOW. IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU WERE PRETTY DOWN AND OUT THERE IN MARYLAND. I JUST REREAD DAVIDA'S LATEST AND GEEZ, SHE BARELY MENTIONS YOU! I'M NOT GOING TO SPECULATE ON WHAT WENT DOWN THERE, BUT IT SEEMS YOU WERE A TAD NEGLECTED.

•NAME WITHHELD

Well, um, i have taken up drinking again. Hellish experiences can do that to you.

YA KNOW, #11 IS SO MUCH LIKE A PERSONAL LETTER, THAT I FIND MYSELF UNCOMFORTABLE TO COMMENT ON IT. SURE THE ARTWORK KICKS ASS, AND YOUR WRITING FLOWS ALONG SMOOTHLY, BUT IS IT ANY OF MY BUSINESS TO MENTION THE "STORY"? HMM... SADLY ENOUGH, I KNOW EXACTLY HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT THE LONELINESS AND CONFUSION. WHEN YOU'RE WITH SOMEBODY, YOU EXPECT THEM TO BE "THERE". IT TOOK FOUR YEARS TO FIGURE OUT THAT THE SPECIAL SOMETHING THAT MAKES EVERYTHING ABOUT LOVE AND LIFE SO WORTH IT JUST WASN'T THERE BETWEEN US. IT'S EASY TO SAY "JUST MOVE ON", "YOU'LL GET OVER IT", BUT IT IS SO DAMN HARD TO DO!

•MOSE

YOUR NEW BOOK WAS REALLY REALLY GOOD. SO SAD! AND NOT JUST FOR THE RELATIONSHIP BUT THE LONGING FOR HOME, WHICH I AM VERY SENSITIVE TO THESE DAYS. I'VE BEEN IN VANCOUVER FOR OVER THREE YEARS NOW, AND I REALLY GET TO MISSING MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS THERE. THAT ELEMENT OF ASSWHINE HIT HOME FOR ME. AND THE PAGE ON LEARNING TO DEAL WITH THE COLD WAS FUNNY. I'VE KNOWN PEOPLE FROM HOT PLACES WHO MOVE TO CANADA AND I FEEL BAD FOR THEM. THIS ISSUE OVERALL HAD A NICE COHESIVE FEEL TO IT, LIKE ONE CONTINUOUS STORY.

•JASON

"BACK HOME" · SATURDAY, MARCH 27 © 1999 CARRIE

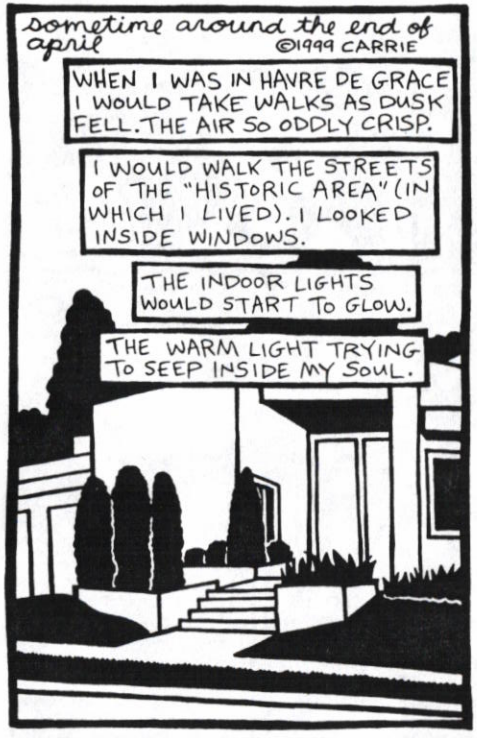
OH! I'M SO HAPPY! WE'RE GOING TO LEONOR'S. YUM! I LOVE LEONOR'S. IT'S BEEN AGES SINCE I ATE THERE. I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO DIG INTO A SPECIAL CHICKEN SALAD.* YUM YUM YUMMY! Y'KNOW, IT'S BEEN FOREVER AND A DAY SINCE I'VE BEEN IN THE VALLEY.
I'M GLAD YOU MOVED BACK.
ME TOO SARAH. LA IS MY HOME. BOY OH BOY DID I MISS THIS PLACE!
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. THAT'S HOW I FELT WHEN I CAME BACK FROM CANADA. LA IS DEFINATELY MY HOME.
HEY... UH... ROLL DOWN YOUR WINDOW.
WHY? DID YOU FART?
MENINCH FAMILY LEGACY HARD AT WORK!
PEE-YEW! IT SMELLS LIKE A DIRTY BABY DIAPER!
*THE "CHICKEN" IS MADE OUT OF SOY PROTEIN. LEONOR'S IS A VEGETARIAN MEXICAN RESTAURANT
BINGO!
HOME OF BINGO NOVELTY
WORLD & THE BINGO BUGLE NEWSPAPER
4304
BINGO MUGS · LIGHTERS · WATCHES
OPEN

THE LOVELY JOY OF PHONE CONVER-SATION WITH MY MOM
WHAT DID YOU DO TODAY?
I DREW.
OH! THAT SOUNDS FUN!
WELL YES MOM, IT IS.
YOU SHOULD HAVE GONE TO ART SCHOOL.
I COULDN'T AFFORD TOO.
IF YOU HAD STAYED AT HOME WE WOULD HAVE PAID FOR IT.
HA! YOU STILL COULD HAVE PAID FOR IT! BESIDES, REMEMBER YOU AND DAD SAID I COULDN'T GO TO ART SCHOOL!
HRMPH!
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
JUST WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO DO SOMETHING WITH YOUR LIFE?
I WILL NOT ANSWER THAT.
SOME OF YOUR OLD CLOTHES ARE STILL IN THE CLOSET. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO WITH THEM?
GIVE THEM TO THE GOODWILL.
WHAT ABOUT YOUR SKI PANTS?
MOM! I'VE TOLD YOU A MILLION TIMES ALREADY TO GET RID OF THEM. I HATE SKIING.
WELL THEY WOULDN'T FIT YOU ANYMORE NOW, WOULD THEY? NOT SINCE YOU'VE BECOME HEAVIER.
BYE MOM.
BYE CARRIE.
MON APRIL 12th ©1999 CARRIE

SEPT 1
WED·1999 ©CARRIE
here i am. my sweet ass wonderful self! my alcoholic soul put to the test. result?
FAIL! I FAIL! GET IT?
okay. you got it. drink is my salvation, the only one i've known. drunk saves me. how can i explain?
it's the only way i can feel anything.
if being an alcoholic could be a career choice! that's me! no strings attached. i'm unbeatable. the winner. the one who has it all!
the one thing in my life that i can do right!
i can drink your ass to oblivion. i can drink like no one else. booze passes through me, just like my life. i must live. what else can i do?
i sip. i gulp. i worship this feeling. and i fall. why did you think i was so mighty that i had conquered this? what did you expect from a stupid alcoholic fucker like me?
did you really think i'd be okay? i have no such powers. i am not a super hero. this is who i am. nothing more. nothing less.

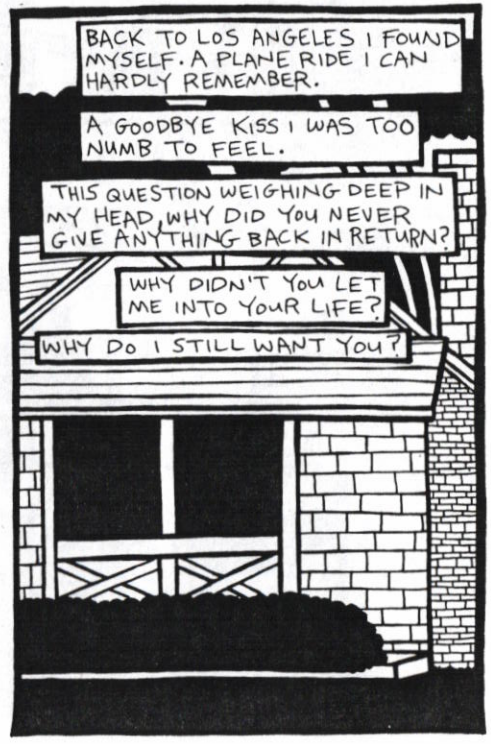
CERVEZA
AUG. 28
©'99·CARRIE
I STARTED TO DRINK AGAIN. YEP! AS IN... ALCOHOL!!!
WHY? WHAT DID I NEED?
I CAN ANSWER THAT REAL EASILY. I NEEDED TO GET DRUNK. I NEEDED TO FEEL SOMETHING AGAIN.
DRUNK IS THE ONLY THING IN THIS WORLD THAT MAKES ME FEEL BETTER.
I'VE BEEN SO EMPTY AND LIFELESS LATELY. IN NEED OF A FRIEND TO BE THERE FOR ME.
VULNERABLE. YES! I GAVE IN. HOW QUICKLY A DRINK GOES FROM ONE TO TWO TO FOUR OR SIX...
...COMPANION!
THANK YOU BOTTLE! I NEED COMPANIONSHIP. I NEED TO FEEL SOMETHING AND YOU WERE THERE FOR ME. YOU LET ME SURVIVE ANOTHER NIGHT. WHAT A GOOD FRIEND YOU ARE! I WAS ABLE TO SHUT MY EYES AND FORGET EVERYTHING... THAT IS...
UNTIL I WOKE UP AGAIN WITH THE SINKING REALIZATION THAT WHAT I REALLY DESIRE I DO NOT HAVE. MY HEART IS ACHING AND ALCOHOL IS THE ONLY ANSWER I CAN FIND.

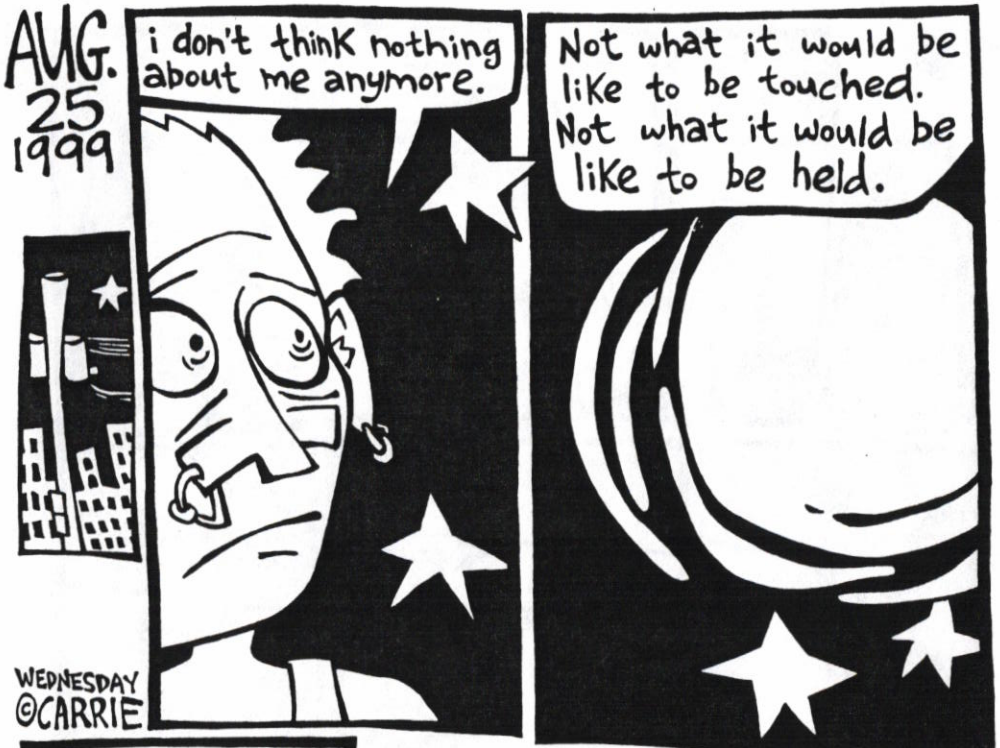
NO MAIL
©99·C!
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28
ON A SUNNY DAY I SET OFF FOR A DRIVE TO PICK UP MY MAIL. WHILE DRIVING I REMEMBER A CONVERSATION THAT I HAD THE NIGHT BEFORE.
I HAVE NEVER KNOWN ANYONE TO BE AS GASSY AS YOU ARE.
ARE YOU SURE? DO I FART AS MUCH AS @!★★:$* DID?
*SARAH'S EX BOYFRIEND
MORE!
ABCD
OH. THAT'S BAD. I WONDER IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT?
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD TRY ACIDOPHILUS.
TRY ACIDOPHILUS... TRY ACIDOPHILUS...
GUESS I SHOULD ALSO STOP AT EREWHON* AND GET SOME ACIDOPHILUS.
*EREWHON IS THE HEALTH FOOD STORE THAT I ONCE WORKED AT AND IT'S NEXT DOOR TO THE POST OFFICE
TRAFFIC STARTS TO PILE UP AS I GET CLOSER TO THE POST OFFICE. A COP IS DIRECTING TRAFFIC AWAY FROM MY INTENDED DESTINATION. YELLOW TAPE BLOCKS OFF BEVERLY BLVD AND THERE'S A TON OF POLICE MILLING ABOUT.
IT'S GONNA RUIN MY DAY IF I CAN'T GET MY MAIL!
SINCE IT'S OBVIOUS THAT I CAN'T DRIVE UP TO MY MAILBOX I DECIDE TO GO FOR THE STEALTH APPROACH.
NOTHING WILL STOP ME FROM GETTING MY MAIL. NOTHING!
I PARK AS CLOSE AS I CAN, WHICH IS FOUR BLOCKS AWAY.
I WILL JUST WALK IN.
I TURN THE CORNER AND A LINE OF POLICE STAND IN FRONT OF THE POST OFFICE.
DRAT!
IS THE POST OFFICE CLOSED?
YEP! IT WILL BE CLOSED FOR AT LEAST SEVERAL HOURS. THERE'S A BOMB SCARE.
REALLY?
OH. OH NO! I'M GONNA CRY.
I... NEED... MY... MAIL...
FUCK YOU BOMBER DICKHEAD!
YOU'VE RUINED EVERYTHING FOR ME!!
AND I'M GONNA KEEP FARTING LIKE CRAZY CAUSE I CAN'T GET THE ACIDOPHILUS!


sometime around the end of april
©1999 CARRIE
WHEN I WAS IN HAVRE DE GRACE I WOULD TAKE WALKS AS DUSK FELL. THE AIR SO ODDLY CRISP.
I WOULD WALK THE STREETS OF THE "HISTORIC AREA" (IN WHICH I LIVED). I LOOKED INSIDE WINDOWS.
THE INDOOR LIGHTS WOULD START TO GLOW.
THE WARM LIGHT TRYING TO SEEP INSIDE MY SOUL.

I SAW PEOPLE TOGETHER. FAMILIES. FRIENDS. WATCHING TV, EATING DINNER, HANGING OUT. THE COUCHES AND BOOKSHELVES.
I WANTED THAT WARMTH TO PULL ME IN, BUT IT COULDN'T.
I NO LONGER HAD A HOME. I WAS NOT SHARING LIFE WITH THE WOMAN I WAS THERE FOR.
I COULD LOOK IN ALL THE WINDOWS I WANTED. I COULD THINK WHEN WILL THIS BE MINE.

THE SILENCE OF MY FOOTSTEPS AND THE AIR I WALKED THROUGH STARTED TO MAKE SENSE.
IT WAS THE SOUND OF BEING ALONE. OF BEING ABANDONED BY ONE WHO CAN LOOK YOU IN THE EYE WHILE SAYING I LOVE YOU.
IT WAS THE ISOLATION AS I WALKED UP THE STAIRS, PULLING THE KEYS OUT OF MY POCKET. THE DREAD AS I OPENED THE DOOR KNOWING IT WAS DARK INSIDE.


BACK TO LOS ANGELES I FOUND MYSELF. A PLANE RIDE I CAN HARDLY REMEMBER.
A GOODBYE KISS I WAS TOO NUMB TO FEEL.
THIS QUESTION WEIGHING DEEP IN MY HEAD, WHY DID YOU NEVER GIVE ANYTHING BACK IN RETURN?
WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME INTO YOUR LIFE?
WHY DO I STILL WANT YOU?

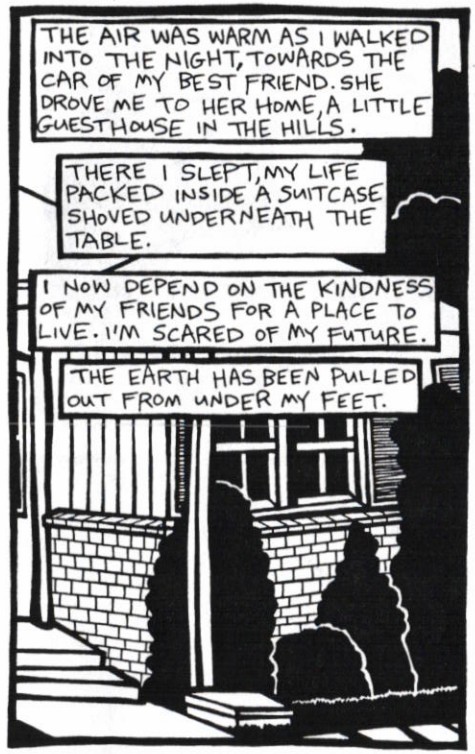

AUG. 25 1999
i don't think nothing about me anymore.
Not what it would be like to be touched. Not what it would be like to be held.
WEDNESDAY
©CARRIE

i don't remember. So far gone.
i try not to think of you even though it's your arms i want, wrapped around me, your breath warm on my skin.
Love no longer exists. i am nothing anymore.
MISSING
BLACK CAT

WHEN DID I TURN INTO A "BABE"?
MONDAY AUGUST 9 ©1999 CARRIE McNINCH

AFTER GETTING MORE COPIES MADE UP OF CRUSH ZINE I STOP AT DON CUCO'S, A MEXICAN RESTAURANT IN BURBANK, TO PICK UP MY LUNCH.
CORONA
IT'S A SISTER!
HI! I'M HERE TO PICK UP MY ORDER.
ONE MOMENT.
HEY! YOU UH... SHOULD GIVE ME A DISCOUNT! Y'KNOW I'M A VERY FREQUENT CUSTOMER.
YOU'RE GAY! I JUST KNOW IT
AND?
margarita fumes
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AT THE BARS.
I DON'T GO TO ANY.
YOU SHOULD. YOU'RE CUTE.
HERE! HERE'S MY PHONE NUMBER. CALL!
SHIT! I'M SO DRUNK I CAN BARELY WRITE!
JUST DON'T TELL MY GIRLFRIEND SITTING OUTSIDE THAT I GAVE YOU MY PHONE NUMBER.
SURE. NO PROBLEM.
I HOPE TO SEE YOU LATER!
25¢
DON CUCO

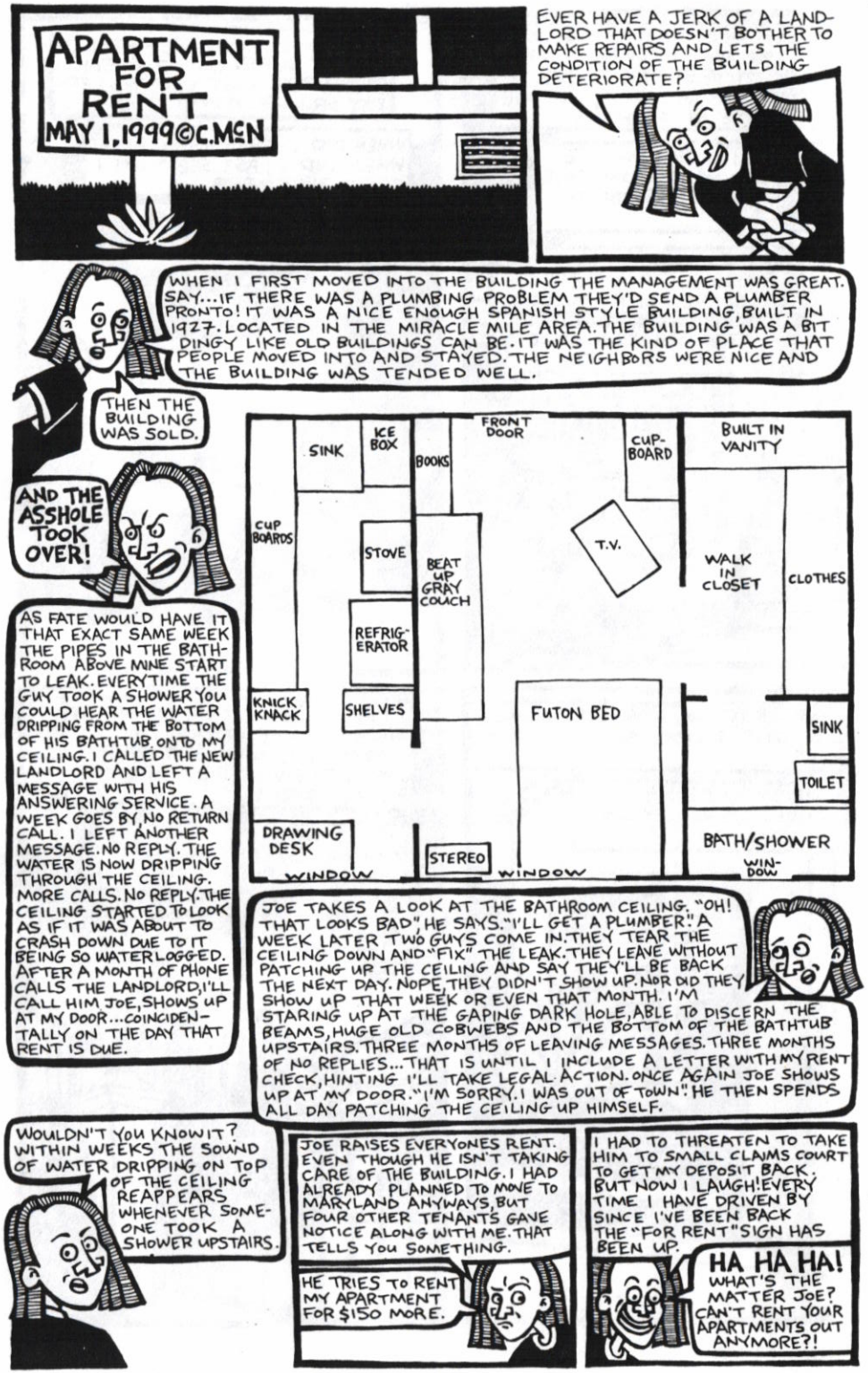
I HAVE FELT SO INCREDIBLY UNATTRACTIVE LATELY. WELL... NOT SO LATELY. MORE LIKE THE LAST COUPLE OF YEARS. FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON TO ME, SINCE JULY, I'VE BEEN HIT ON DAILY BY BOTH SEXES. AND YA KNOW WHAT? IT'S MADE ME FEEL SORTA CUTE!


THE AIR WAS WARM AS I WALKED INTO THE NIGHT, TOWARDS THE CAR OF MY BEST FRIEND. SHE DROVE ME TO HER HOME, A LITTLE GUESTHOUSE IN THE HILLS.
THERE I SLEPT, MY LIFE PACKED INSIDE A SUITCASE SHOVED UNDERNEATH THE TABLE.
I NOW DEPEND ON THE KINDNESS OF MY FRIENDS FOR A PLACE TO LIVE. I'M SCARED OF MY FUTURE.
THE EARTH HAS BEEN PULLED OUT FROM UNDER MY FEET.

HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN HERE? I'M NOT SURE. I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT I DID YESTERDAY OR WHAT MONTH IT IS.
WHEN DID I LEAVE MARYLAND? WHEN DID I LAST SEE YOU? I CAN'T REMEMBER.
I NEED TO FEEL SAFE AGAIN. IT'S BEEN WAY TOO LONG.

I DRIVE ABOUT LOS ANGELES, THROUGH OLD NEIGHBORHOODS AND FAMILIAR PLACES.
HOW STRANGE I THINK. NOTHING HERE REMINDS ME OF YOU.

I FIND MYSELF STANDING IN THE BACKYARD OF WHERE I'M CURRENTLY LIVING. IT OVERLOOKS THE WESTSIDE AND THE PACIFIC OCEAN.
I CLOSE MY EYES. I IMAGINE YOUR FOOTSTEPS ON THE GRASS, CREEPING UP TO ME.
YOUR ARMS REACHING OUT TO HOLD ME.
YOUR HEART OPENING UP.


APARTMENT FOR RENT
MAY 1, 1999 ©C.McN
EVER HAVE A JERK OF A LANDLORD THAT DOESN'T BOTHER TO MAKE REPAIRS AND LETS THE CONDITION OF THE BUILDING DETERIORATE?
WHEN I FIRST MOVED INTO THE BUILDING THE MANAGEMENT WAS GREAT. SAY... IF THERE WAS A PLUMBING PROBLEM THEY'D SEND A PLUMBER PRONTO! IT WAS A NICE ENOUGH SPANISH STYLE BUILDING, BUILT IN 1927. LOCATED IN THE MIRACLE MILE AREA. THE BUILDING WAS A BIT DINGY LIKE OLD BUILDINGS CAN BE. IT WAS THE KIND OF PLACE THAT PEOPLE MOVED INTO AND STAYED. THE NEIGHBORS WERE NICE AND THE BUILDING WAS TENDED WELL.
THEN THE BUILDING WAS SOLD.
AND THE ASSHOLE TOOK OVER!
AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT THAT EXACT SAME WEEK THE PIPES IN THE BATHROOM ABOVE MINE START TO LEAK. EVERYTIME THE GUY TOOK A SHOWER YOU COULD HEAR THE WATER DRIPPING FROM THE BOTTOM OF HIS BATHTUB ONTO MY CEILING. I CALLED THE NEW LANDLORD AND LEFT A MESSAGE WITH HIS ANSWERING SERVICE. A WEEK GOES BY, NO RETURN CALL. I LEFT ANOTHER MESSAGE. NO REPLY. THE WATER IS NOW DRIPPING THROUGH THE CEILING. MORE CALLS. NO REPLY. THE CEILING STARTED TO LOOK AS IF IT WAS ABOUT TO CRASH DOWN DUE TO IT BEING SO WATERLOGGED. AFTER A MONTH OF PHONE CALLS THE LANDLORD, I'LL CALL HIM JOE, SHOWS UP AT MY DOOR... COINCIDENTALLY ON THE DAY THAT RENT IS DUE.
SINK
ICE BOX
BOOKS
FRONT DOOR
CUP-BOARD
BUILT IN VANITY
CUP BOARDS
STOVE
BEAT UP GRAY COUCH
T.V.
WALK IN CLOSET
CLOTHES
REFRIG-ERATOR
KNICK KNACK
SHELVES
FUTON BED
SINK
TOILET
DRAWING DESK
WINDOW
STEREO
WINDOW
BATH/SHOWER
WIN-DOW
JOE TAKES A LOOK AT THE BATHROOM CEILING. "OH! THAT LOOKS BAD" HE SAYS. "I'LL GET A PLUMBER." A WEEK LATER TWO GUYS COME IN. THEY TEAR THE CEILING DOWN AND "FIX" THE LEAK. THEY LEAVE WITHOUT PATCHING UP THE CEILING AND SAY THEY'LL BE BACK THE NEXT DAY. NOPE, THEY DIDN'T SHOW UP. NOR DID THEY SHOW UP THAT WEEK OR EVEN THAT MONTH. I'M STARING UP AT THE GAPING DARK HOLE, ABLE TO DISCERN THE BEAMS, HUGE OLD COBWEBS AND THE BOTTOM OF THE BATHTUB UPSTAIRS. THREE MONTHS OF LEAVING MESSAGES. THREE MONTHS OF NO REPLIES... THAT IS UNTIL I INCLUDE A LETTER WITH MY RENT CHECK, HINTING I'LL TAKE LEGAL ACTION. ONCE AGAIN JOE SHOWS UP AT MY DOOR. "I'M SORRY. I WAS OUT OF TOWN". HE THEN SPENDS ALL DAY PATCHING THE CEILING UP HIMSELF.
WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT? WITHIN WEEKS THE SOUND OF WATER DRIPPING ON TOP OF THE CEILING REAPPEARS WHENEVER SOMEONE TOOK A SHOWER UPSTAIRS.
JOE RAISES EVERYONES RENT. EVEN THOUGH HE ISN'T TAKING CARE OF THE BUILDING. I HAD ALREADY PLANNED TO MOVE TO MARYLAND ANYWAYS, BUT FOUR OTHER TENANTS GAVE NOTICE ALONG WITH ME. THAT TELLS YOU SOMETHING.
HE TRIES TO RENT MY APARTMENT FOR $150 MORE.
I HAD TO THREATEN TO TAKE HIM TO SMALL CLAIMS COURT TO GET MY DEPOSIT BACK. BUT NOW I LAUGH! EVERY TIME I HAVE DRIVEN BY SINCE I'VE BEEN BACK THE "FOR RENT" SIGN HAS BEEN UP.
HA HA HA! WHAT'S THE MATTER JOE? CAN'T RENT YOUR APARTMENTS OUT ANYMORE?!

I moved there so looking forward to seeing fall in the east coast. The leaves change color. Small town life. The air turning chilly. Snow. I was looking forward to being together, reading and cuddling on cold winter nights. Exploring back roads and hiking trails. Instead i was alone and feeling extremely isolated. I had no one to talk to there. I started to turn off my emotions, i started to feel less so i could feel nothing so i didn't feel the hurt.

I wonder if Davida knew she was breaking my heart?

The very least Davida could do was to spend some time with me. At the very least she could have acted like it mattered to her that i was there.

But i barely saw her. About every other night she'd come over, stay up for an hour or two, then go to sleep. She'd be gone by the time i woke up. We never once spent an entire weekend together or even a 24 hour period. I don't think we even spent one whole day together.

I remember nights she would call me to say goodnight and i was curled up in a ball and couldn't stop crying. She didn't offer to come over to comfort me even though the house was but a mile or two down the road.

I don't know why i stayed. She kept saying "i love you, i care" but i was starting to wonder about that. Then why do you leave me so alone? I felt like i was at her beck and call. She was in control of when she came over or called. I couldn't call her. If i told her i really needed her she acted annoyed.

Halloween was spent by myself. I had looked forward to being together that night. Christmas eve too. And on Christmas day Davida is at home with her Mom and "Dad" and neighbors they had invited over. Celebrating, making food, opening gifts. I'm alone in the apartment and very upset. I have no one to spend the holiday with. She completely left me out, left me alone. When she finally came over i wanted to scream "WHERE THE FUCK WAS MY CHRISTMAS? I WANT A RELATIONSHIP! I WANT TO SPEND THE FUCKING HOLIDAYS WITH You!!!", but by then i am too gone. Too numb. I don't even think she realized it.

I felt like the kid no one wants to be friends with. The kid that is the only one not invited to the party.

Nothing changed. I told her i needed her to be around more. But she had her own life to live and i was not a priority in it. I was more like an after thought.

I decided to go back home. There was no point in my being there. Davida didn't even put up a fight when i told her.

The week before i left Davida and i were driving through a grocery store parking lot. Her Mom and "Dad" walked in front of us. Davida gasped as she motioned for me to get down. I looked at the expression on her face. She looked horrified that they might see me.

Davida and her Mom continued to fight until her Mom leaves and disappears for days. She refuses to talk to Davida. Davida is scared her Mom will ban her from her life. After all her Mom has banned other people out of her existence.

Her "Dad" talks to me. Well, it's more like a one-sided fight in which he gets to tell me what a lazy bum i am and that it's all my fault that her Mom left. That it's my fault she felt like she didn't belong there anymore. My fault that she was flipping out. I speak my mind. "No", i say. She can't blame or manifest her problems on me. That she needs to address why she is acting like this and to figure out how to deal with her problems. He responds "you wanna play tough then why don't you go to the prison i work in then see how tough you are!". I realize it is pointless to say anything. He's not listening to me.

Uh-oh! Looks like in this family you do what she wants. You say what she wants to hear. And to disagree with her? Never!

I'm sorry i forgot to bow down before you almighty queen and the universe that spins around only you. Why was i such a threat?

Sorry that you aren't special in the painful past that only you had. Lots of us have gone through them and we deal with it. We don't blame it on others and create drama and shut it out and run from it. You deal with it! Have a problem with me? Talk to me and let me know. Then we can discuss it. We're adults. We can figure out a way to be civil to each other. We can come to some sort of understanding.

And just like that i had no place to live. Davida said it would all be okay. I spent a couple of nights in a bleak cheap motel outside of an Army base while Davida and her Mother "discussed things". Apparently i had called her Mom crazy and no one is allowed to call her that. Let's replay the fight. I yell "THIS IS CRAZY!!!". In reference to the fight.

Do i need any more proof this woman was looking for any reason to hate me? I was dumbfounded by how to react to these people and the situation. Never in my life had i encountered such a thing.

Davida found an apartment and i was whisked away into it, housed out of sight. Oh! Did i mention i was now banned from the house?

The apartment was for me, not her. She didn't even stay with me the first night there. The next day i walk to the post office and then to the coffee shop for coffee and a bagel. I sat on the floor and used the wall to lean on. No furniture.

From that point on i started to lose my emotional stability and slipped into a major depression. I told Davida that one night as she was dropping me off. I wanted her to stay with me that night because i was really freaking out and i was scared. She replied to me "guess the honeymoon period is over".

I called her at home right after that. The next time I saw her she yelled at me for having called her at home and said i could not call her there again. Banned from the house and banned from calling her!

How dare you do that! After i just gave up my home and friends and moved to Maryland to be with you. I sacrificed my life so we could be together. This is what i get in return?

I go to sleep on a bed made out of chaise longue cushions laid out on the floor.

I start to see how strangely entwined Davida and her Mother are. Slowly i realized this relationship won't work unless Davida decided it was time to have a life of her own. Her mom knew how to manipulate her to get what she wanted. Davida kept telling me "but my Mother says she doesn't want to ruin my relationship with you". Umm, newsflash! She may be saying that but she certainly doesn't mean it.

BANANA FUELED NUMBER TWO
THURSDAY MAY 13, 1999
©CARRIE
LATELY I'VE BEEN ON A FROZEN CHOCOLATE COVERED BANANA KICK. YUM!
Banana Bites
12 PIECES
I'M EATING ABOUT TWO BOXES WORTH A DAY. THAT'S 24 PIECES OF TASTY BANANA BITES.
BUT!
I THINK THERE'S A POSSIBILITY THAT IT'S HAVING SOME SORT OF EFFECT ON ME.
LIKE, UH, IT'S...
...UMM...
...CHANGING MY BATHROOM HABITS.
HE HE HE! SEE...
...MY BOWEL MOVEMENTS ARE USUALLY SOLID AND FIRM AND REQUIRE NO CLEAN UP. NICE AND TIDY. ONE WIPE IS ALL IT TAKES.
BUT NOW THEY'RE SOFT AND NOT SO COMFORTABLE AND IT'S LIKE I CAN'T GET IT ALL OUT.
THEY'RE WHAT I CALL FOREVER WIPERS.
YES FOLKS. I'M TALKING ABOUT MY NUMBER TWO.
MY POOH IS ICKY AND GROSS!
Yuck!
I DON'T LIKE THIS AND HOW IT MAKES MY BODY FEEL NOT ONE BIT!
AND I REALLY HATE ALL OF THIS WIPING! BUT GIVE UP MY BANANA BITES IN ORDER FOR MY BM'S TO RETURN TO NORMAL?

HOLA

DOMINGO, JUNIO 20th

©1999 CARRIEM!

A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO I WAS STANDING IN LINE AT POQUITO MAS ON WESTWOOD BOULEVARD. A PAIR OF LAPD OFFICERS WALKED IN AND STOOD DIRECTLY BEHIND ME.

THIS IS WHERE I START TO WONDER WHAT FOOD ESTABLISHMENTS DO WHEN COPS COME IN. DO THEY GIVE THEM FREE EATS AND ALL? DO THE COPS GET PISSED IF THEY HAVE TO PAY?

WHAT ABOUT THE EMPLOYEE? DOES THE BOSS TELL YOU HOW TO HANDLE IT OR IS IT LEFT UP TO THE DISCRETION OF THE CASHIER?

what went wrong in havre de grace

Sat Aug 7 ©'99-C-

Nobody wants their girlfriends mother to not like them but there was really nothing i could do. The woman had set out to find a reason to hate me from the moment she realized our relationship was serious.

I don't know why she didn't like me.

Maybe she felt threatened by me or that my being female somehow turned this into a competition for her daughters attention. That's the impression i got.

Maybe it was her alpha dog personality clashing with my i don't need a leader personality. Who knows? Maybe she just didn't like me period.

In the spring when i first went to Maryland all was fine until Davida told her mom that we were serious. Her Mom started to do alot of talking behind my back, especially with one of Davida's friends. They talked on the phone about the quality of my character. From everything Davida told me they never said anything nice about me. They had even managed to turn me into a "leech" and an "abuser." **HUH?**

First of all it's not polite to talk about people behind their backs like that. They start making stuff up and convince themselves it's true. Look! If you have any questions or doubts about me then ask! If you have something to say about me say it to my face!

I moved to Maryland in September. Since the moment i got there her Mom was at me, trying to pick fights. She would tell me how awful her family was to her then tell me i reminded her of one of them.

She'd tell me Davida should really be going out with this guy Dennis because "at least he has something to offer". Then she'd smile at me and say she was just joking. She wasn't. She was trying to piss me off. She told Davida i reminded her of "bad things in the past". Excuse me?

Davida keeps telling me things will be okay but i feel the tension building. I ignore her mom when she tries to pick on me hoping she'd get tired of it and stop. Her mom constantly hangs out in the bedroom, on the bed, leaving us with no privacy. Whenever i walk in she'd smirk at me as if to say "what are you gonna do? I'm not getting of this bed!". I'd just leave the room and go downstairs.

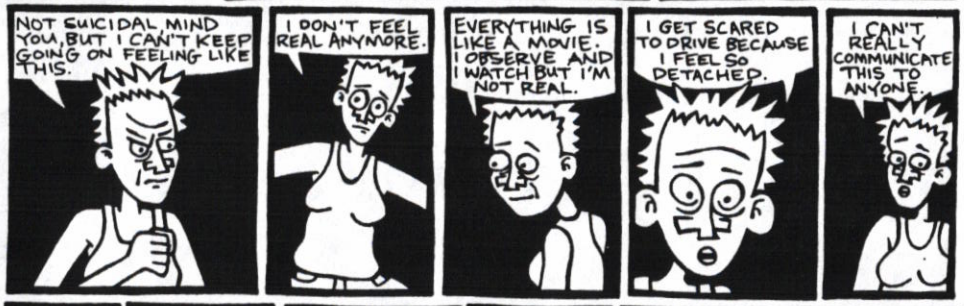
About two weeks into it i woke up but felt bad energy in the air so i stay in the bedroom until Davida came up. We went to the kitchen and made lunch. We're in the middle of eating our sandwiches when her Mom walks in and started yelling "WHY ARE YOU SITTING THERE EATING THERE'S ANIMALS TO BE FEED THE CATS NEED TO BE FEED RIGHT NOW!!!".

I'm feeling freaked out by the move, out of place and frankly i was tired of her Mom's attitude towards me. She's standing above me shouting while i'm sitting in a chair in a corner. Big mistake to make me feel cornered by someone being so aggressive. I snap.

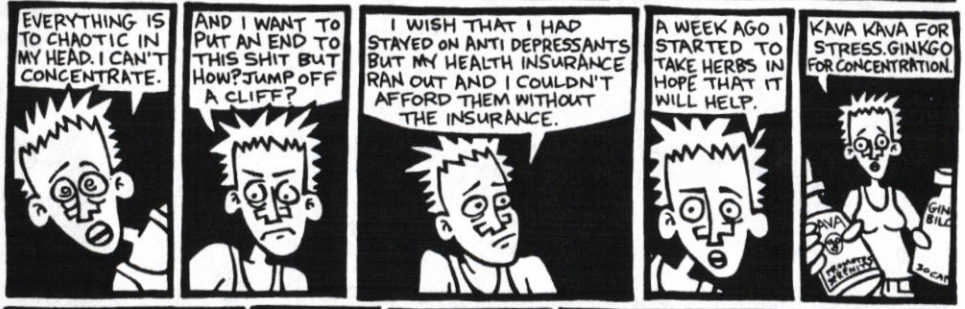
I jumped up and yelled back at her to "JUST LEAVE US ALONE!". She unleashes her fury at me and all the hate she had for me finally gets to spill out. I scream at her "WOULD YOU JUST STOP THIS?! THIS IS CRAZY!!!" and i continue "NO ONE YELLS AT ME LIKE THIS, NO ONE!!!" and i storm out of the kitchen, slamming the door behind me.

I had taken the bait and right away i knew that i had blown it. Everything went wrong from that moment on.

SHN July 25
©'99 C.MSN
OKAY. I KNOW BEING DEPRESSED IS NOTHING NEW TO ME AND I'VE WRITTEN ABOUT IT A MILLION TIMES ALREADY.
BUT LATELY IT'S BEEN SO EXTREME THAT I FEEL LIKE I'VE REACHED AS FAR AS I CAN GO.
I MEAN, QUITE SERIOUSLY THAT I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN MAKE IT.


NOT SUICIDAL MIND YOU, BUT I CAN'T KEEP GOING ON FEELING LIKE THIS.
I DON'T FEEL REAL ANYMORE.
EVERYTHING IS LIKE A MOVIE. I OBSERVE AND I WATCH BUT I'M NOT REAL.
I GET SCARED TO DRIVE BECAUSE I FEEL SO DETACHED.
I CAN'T REALLY COMMUNICATE THIS TO ANYONE.

HOW VERY SERIOUS IT HAS BECOME.
THERE IS NO HOPE. NO GLIMMER OF A FUTURE.
NO CONNECTION WITH ANYTHING.
JUST THIS UNREALNESS AND FEAR.
I'M ALWAYS ANXIOUS AND I'M ALWAYS WORRYING AND MY STUPID FUCKING BRAIN GOES A MILE A MINUTE WITH THOUGHTS CIRCLING AND CIRCLING THAT WON'T TURN OFF.


EVERYTHING IS TO CHAOTIC IN MY HEAD. I CAN'T CONCENTRATE.
AND I WANT TO PUT AN END TO THIS SHIT BUT HOW? JUMP OFF A CLIFF?
I WISH THAT I HAD STAYED ON ANTI DEPRESSANTS BUT MY HEALTH INSURANCE RAN OUT AND I COULDN'T AFFORD THEM WITHOUT THE INSURANCE.
A WEEK AGO I STARTED TO TAKE HERBS IN HOPE THAT IT WILL HELP.
KAVA KAVA FOR STRESS. GINKGO FOR CONCENTRATION.

AND MOST IMPORTANTLY ST. JOHN'S WORT FOR THE DEPRESSION, WHICH KINDA MAKES ME GIGGLE. EVERY THING I'VE READ ABOUT IT SAYS IT'S FOR MILD DEPRESSION.
MINE AIN'T MILD! NOT BY A LONG SHOT!!
BUT AT LEAST THESE HERBS ARE AFFORDABLE.
I'LL FIND OUT IN A MONTH OR SO IF THEY HELP. I HOPE SO, I REALLY, REALLY HOPE SO CAUSE I CAN'T HANDLE FEELING LIKE THIS MUCH LONGER.
AND I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO...

ARE YOU A POLICE OFFICER?
YEAH, SURE!
ARE YOU TEASING ME?
NOT AT ALL. I'M A COP.
SO I SHOULD GIVE YOU THE LAPD DISCOUNT?
ERNESTO

NO NO NO! I'M JUST JOKING WITH YOU.
WHEW! I WAS CONFUSED. YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A COP BUT I THOUGHT YOU GUYS CAME IN TOGETHER.
HA! YOU REALLY HAD HIM GOING. YOU SHOULD HAVE KEPT IT UP. YOU WOULD'VE GOT A CHEAPER MEAL.
TODAY I'M BACK AT POQUITO MAS WITH SARAH IN TOW. THE SAME CASHIER TAKES MY ORDER.
HEY! HOW YA DOING?
POQUITO MAS

VEGGIE TACO, NO CHEESE?
YEP!
PSST! CAN I TELL YOU SOMETHING?
SURE. WHAT?
?

DID HE TELL YOU THAT HE THOUGHT I WAS A COP THE OTHER DAY?
NO!
WELL, WHAT DID HE SAY?
HE THINKS YOU'RE CUTE!
SERIOUSLY?
Y'KNOW, BOYS ARE FLIRTING WITH ME LEFT AND RIGHT LATELY.

ALKI BABY

QUIT THE DRINKING OF BOOZE

THURS JULY 22 ©99 CARRIE

I WANT THAT FEELING, THAT WARM, HAPPY INSIDE GLOW.

I WANT TO GET BLASTED OUT OF MY WORTHLESS, STUPID MIND.

I WANT TO GET SHIT FACED DRUNK!

GOD FUCKING DANG THIS SOBER SHIT!!

HA!!! I'M MORE DEPRESSED NOW THEN WHEN I WAS DRINKING!

A VOID!!

SO THERE GOES THAT BEING SOBER IS GONNA MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER CRAP!

SOBRIETY IS LIKE A VOID. A BIG, EMPTY VOID. DID YOU HEAR THAT?

SOBRIETY AIN'T GIVING ME NONE OF THAT.

JUST THIS EMPTINESS.

NOTHING!!! NO FEELINGS AT ALL!!!

BUT HELLO ALL OF YOU OUT THERE! I FEEL NOTHING ANYMORE!

BEER!!!

GIVE ME A "B"! GIVE ME AN "E"! GIVE ME ANOTHER "E"! AND A "R"! THAT SPELLS...

WHY CAN'T I BRING MYSELF TO GO TO SLEEP EACH AND EVERY NIGHT?

I WANNA GET DRUNK OKAY?!

WHY DO I REALLY DREAD WAKING UP EACH AND EVERY DAY?

SHOULDN'T I BE WANTING TO EMBRACE LIFE IN SOME SMALL DEGREE?

SHOULDN'T I HAVE HAD AT THE VERY LEAST A LITTLE TWINGE OF HAPPINESS BY NOW?

WHAT'S UP WITH THIS?

...YET HAD NO ILL AFTER EFFECT OF A HANGOVER.

LET ME TELL YOU, IF THERE WAS A NICE PILL TO SWALLOW THAT WOULD MAKE ME FEEL HAPPILY DRUNK...

ALCOHOL WAS THE ONLY THING THAT GAVE A LITTLE MAGIC AND I MISS IT.

I'M THERE!

DON'T I WISH?! SOMETIMES THE FEAR OF A CRAPPY HANG OVER IS ALL THAT STOPS ME.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT SOBRIETY COULD BE THIS EMPTY?

¿adios coffee?
java rocks!
SATURDAY JULY 17 1999 ©CARRIE
DO YOU WANNA KNOW SOMETHING THAT REALLY SUCKS?
joe
COFFEE DON'T DO NOTHING FOR ME ANYMORE. NO BUZZ FACTOR AT ALL!
AND WHAT'S THE POINT OF COFFEE IF THERE'S NO ENERGY AMPLIFICATION?
IT'S LIKE MY WHOLE COFFEE DRINKING RITUAL IS RUINED!
THE RITUAL BASICALLY WENT LIKE SO... I'D FETCH MY MAIL THEN EITHER BUY SOME JOE OR GO HOME AND MAKE IT IN MY FRENCH PRESS.
THEN I'D SIP MY LOVELY COFFEE AS I READ MY MAIL, COMICS AND ZINES. AFTER A COUPLE CUPS OF COFFEE I'D START TO FEEL MOTIVATED.
I'D START TO DRAW. I'D START TO WRITE. SOME TIMES THE CLEANING BUG WOULD HIT.
AND NOW... NADA! ZIP! ZERO! ZILCH!
I SWEAR THAT IT HAS THE OPPOSITE EFFECT.
15 MINUTES AFTER DRINKING IT I GET REALLY TIRED. TIRED IN A WAY WHERE I JUST WANT TO PLOP DOWN AND NOT MOVE. I KNOW, I KNOW. MY ADRENALS ARE PROBABLY SHOT TO HELL AND I'LL NEVER GET A COFFEE BUZZ AGAIN.
BUT GOSH DARN IT! I WANT THE BEANS OF THE GODDESSES TO WORK AGAIN!!
IS THAT ASKING TO MUCH?
I THINK NOT!!
TO TOP IT OFF I'M HAVING THE HARDEST TIME TRYING TO WRITE AND DRAW MY COMICS RIGHT NOW.
CAN'T GET WHAT I WANT TO SAY OR DRAW TO COME OUT.
SHIT! IF I COULD ONLY DOWN 3 OR 4 BEERS REAL QUICKLY ON AN EMPTY STOMACH. SIGH!
THEN I KNOW I WOULD FEEL THE INSPIRATION ONCE MORE.
BUT NO! I CAN'T EXACTLY DO THAT NOW, CAN I?!?!
WELL I COULD, BUT...
I DON'T THINK I WILL.
WHY CAN'T I FIND THE DIVINE INFLUENCE?
AND COFFEE, DAMN YOU! I REALLY NEEDED YOU BUT YOU LET ME DOWN.

SUNDAY, JUNE 27, 1999 ©CARRIE McN

TONIGHT I FOUND MYSELF IN A BRAND NEW CAR DRIVING DOWN THE 405 HEADING TO THE AIRPORT. MUSIC IS BLASTING AND OKAY BABY I AM SOMEONE.

EVEN THOUGH THAT'S A LIE LET'S JUST PRETEND.

YES. I AM SOMEONE. I AM. SOMEONE.

I CAN PRETEND SUCH THINGS, CAN'T I?

AIRPORTS REMIND ME OF SADNESS. THE SMELL OF THE EXHAUST AND IT'S SAYING GOODBYE IN ONE DIRECTION OR ANOTHER I'M GOING I'M LEAVING I'M ARRIVING ALONE.

I PARK THE CAR, MAKING SURE TO SET THE ALARM.

RUN AS FAST AS I CAN TO GATE 178 TO ALERT SOME PASSENGERS, AQUAINTANCES OF MINE, THAT A LIMO IS WAITING TO PICK THEM UP.

I PUT ON MY MAKE BELIEVE FACE.

I FIGHT THIS EMPTINESS.

EVERYTHING IS OKAY. REALLY.

EVERYTHING IS OKAY.

I WILL BE SOMEONE SOMEDAY.

I WILL GO SOMEWHERE.

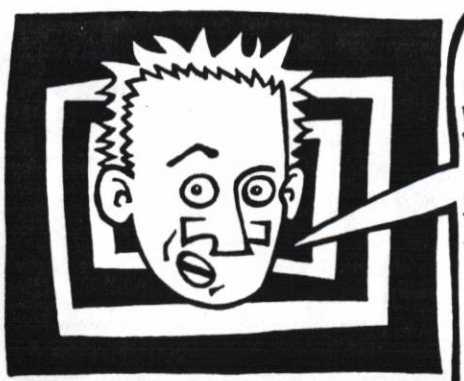
AND WE TALKED OF NICE HOTELS ON THE BEACH, GOURMET MEALS AND THE VIEW OUT THE WINDOW.

WE TALKED OF VEGAS AND THE FIGHTS.

I PRETENDED THAT I WAS FAMILIAR WITH ALL OF THESE THINGS AND I CONVERSED AND I SMILED AND AS YOU ASKED "REALLY, YOU'VE NEVER BEEN THERE?" I WANTED TO SCREAM "HOW COULD I HAVE?!?!". I REALIZED YOU DIDN'T KNOW.

A MELANCHOLY SADNESS HITS ME AS I DRIVE BACK.

ALL I WANT IN LIFE IS TO FEEL A GLIMMER OF HOPE ONCE AGAIN.



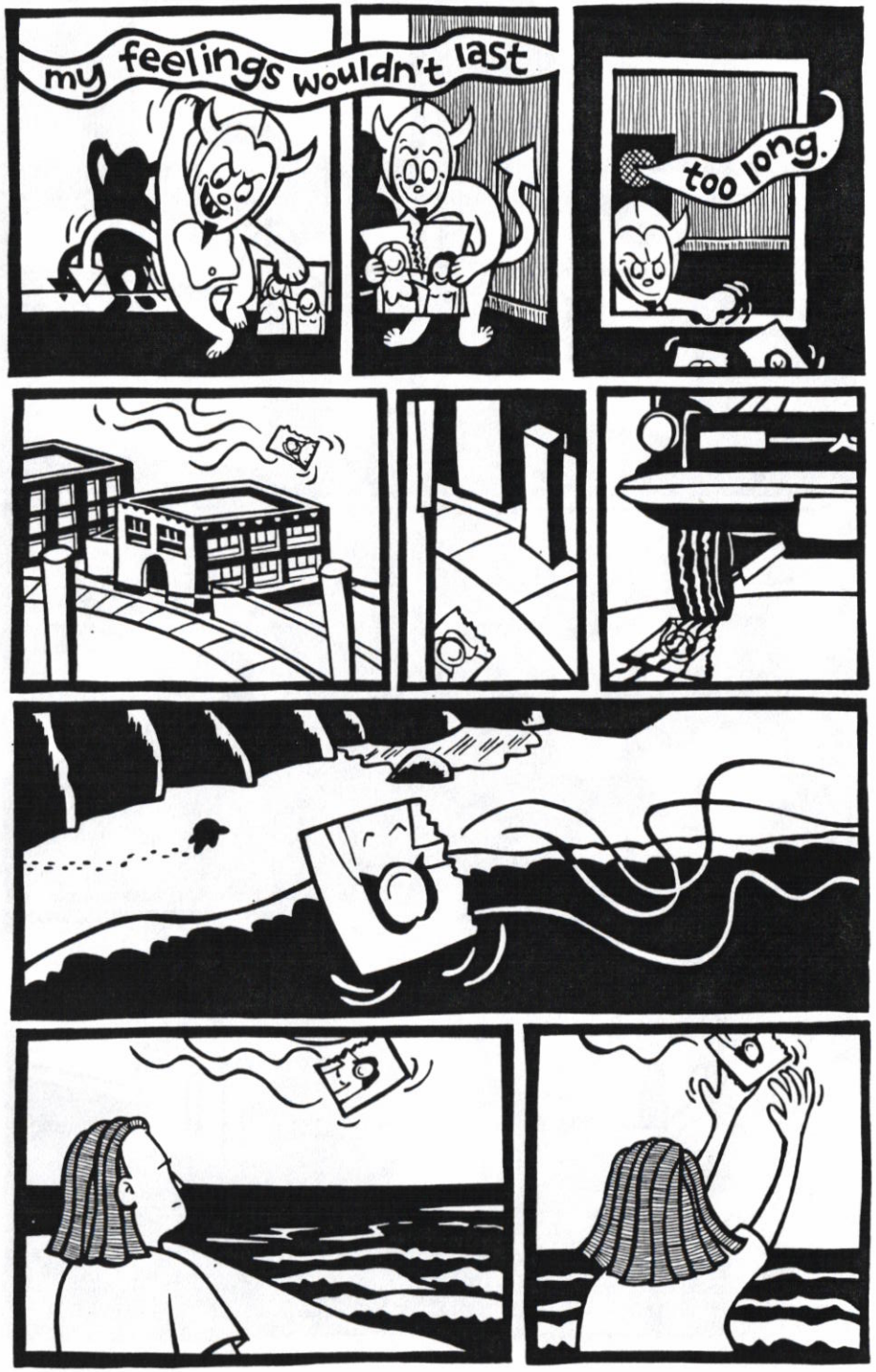
LOS ANGELES IS ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS CITIES IN THE U.S. TO BE A PEDESTRIAN IN. I CAN VOUCH FOR THAT, BEING BOTH A FREQUENT WALKER AND SOMEONE WHO HAS HAD TO JUMP OUT OF THE WAY OF CARS ON NUMEROUS OCCASIONS. THESE DRIVERS FIT NEATLY INTO TWO CATEGORIES: THOSE WHO ARE NOT LOOKING AND THUS, ABSOLUTELY CLUELESS THEY'RE ABOUT TO HIT YOU, AND THEN THOSE WHO LOOK DIRECTLY AT YOU AND KEEP ON GOING DESPITE THE FACT YOU HAVE THE RIGHT OF WAY...

SATURDAY, JULY 10th ©'99 C.MEN

SO SARAH DARLING! ALL YOU'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT FOR THE LAST WEEK IS MICHAEL, MICHAEL, MICHAEL!
YEP!
YOU KNOW WHAT?
PUSH BUTTON TO CROSS
WALK
YOU'RE FALLING IN LOVE!
SARAH AND MICHAEL SITTING IN A TREE! K.I.S.S.I.N.G
STOP!
OOF!
HOLY COW!
THAT FUCKER ALMOST HIT ME!
ASSHOLE!
AND HERE IS WHERE THE GOOD PART STARTS. WE BOTH SPOT THE POLICE CAR AT EXACTLY THE SAME SECOND.
CHECK IT OUT!! HE'S GONNA PULL HIM OVER!
THIS IS SO COOL!
YEAH! GO BABY GO!!!
WHIRRR
POLICE
EXCUSE ME SIR!! DID YOU NOT SEE THE TWO WOMEN YOU ALMOST RAN OVER AND KILLED?!
YEE-HAW!!! THIS JERK IS BUSTED!! HE'S GETTING A TICKET!

hair cut friday july 9
©99C.MEN
Notice anything different about me?
hair... perhaps?
Just hours ago i was sitting in the chair.
How do you want it cut?
SHORT!
CHOP CHOP CHOP went the scissors
Strands of my hair on the salon floor, waiting to be swept up.
Short hair rocks!

SUMMER 1999©C.MEN
FRAGILE
FRAGILE
i tried to tell you
all the time
that you were
gone
you kept doing what you did


my feelings wouldn't last
too long.

while you are away my heart comes undone slowly unravels in a ball of yarn the devil collects it with a grin our love in a ball of yarn he'll never return it
LYRICS QUOTED ARE GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS "CAN'T GIVE IT UP NO MORE" AND BJÖRK "UNRAVEL"